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THE
PRESENT STATE
OF
ENGLAND:

A libell on the Plot, & the witnesses thereto.

A Pleasant New True Ballad,

To the Tune of, *The Taylor and his Lass*: Or, *It was in the Prime,*
15. April. 1681. (Of Concomber Time.

Jack Presbyter's up, And hopes at one Swoop,
To swallow King, Bishop, and All-a:
The Miser and Crown, Must both tumble down,
Or the Kingdom he tells you will Fall-a.

Sure 'tis a hard Fate, That to prop up the State,
We must pull down the State-Religion:
But the Saints have a new one, More holy and true one,
Composed of Fox and Wigton.

An Engin they've got, Call'd a *Damn'd Popish Plot*;
Shall bring in a Through-Reformation:
Which though't be half Fable, It mads the poor Rabble,
And puts out of Wits half the Nation.

Thus their Work's quickly done, For each Mother's Son
That to Church, or to King is Loyall,
Shall straight be Indicted, Or else be sore Frighted,
To be brought to their Fiery Tryal.

'Tis no more but pretend, He's to *Popery* a Friend;
The Brethren cry loud, he's a *Traytor*;
And their sure *Evidences*, Bring against him Pretences:
And all of a Treasonable Nature.

Th' *Impeachers* are such, So Honourable and Rich,
That no Bribe can to Falshood invite 'em:
Tho they Contradict themselves, And every Body else,
A good Lusty *Vote* can Right 'em.

No Matter for Blood, Their *Oaths* shall Stand Good,
In Despite of all Circumstances:
The City-Cabals, Say they cannot swear False;
And each *Pamphlet* their Honour enhances.

Who dares to deny, But *One* single Lye,
Of the *Many* they swear on their Credit:
He's brought on his Knees, Is Rebuk't, and pays Fees;
And must cry *Peccavi* he did it.

If any's so bold, Their Tricks to unfold,
Or offers to prove them Lyars;
Straight up steps another, And swears for Rogue-Brother,
And flings the poor Wretch in the Bryars.

Thus Villains, 'bout Ten, The worst Scum of Men,
While the *Godly Party* Maintain 'em,
All *England* do Govern, And each such a Sovereign,
The King must not speak again 'em

Old *Ross*, and Dad *Rick*, Have taught them the Trick
To make *Plots*, and then to Reveal 'em:
Thus runs round the Jigg, Of Politick *whigg*,
Sure Pardon if they do not Conceal 'em.

Then Inspir'd they bring in, For sad Men of Sin,
Any one that is Honest and Loyal:
But if Pardon's deny'd, All flock on *Fire-Side*,
To Hector the Merey Royal.

Thus most Men for Fears, Dare not for their Ears,
But *whigg* and his Rout to second;
Which if they Refuse, They're far worse than *Jews*,
And *Papists* or *Traytors* are reckon'd.

And every poor Ape, Who for Changes does gape,
And to be Preferr'd by the *Party*:
To help *Good Old Cause*, Wide stretches his Jaws,
With loud Lyes to shew himself Hearty.

And those Worthies Three, *Care, Curtis, Langley*,
Do Publish them fast as they make 'em:
The being in Print, Signifies something in't;
And the Rabble for Gospel mistake 'em.

Meanwhile — *Pendent* Laughs, And at — *Byter* scoffs,
And at's Hot-Headed Zeal does flout-a;
The Coxcomb to see, Thus shaking the Tree,
While he's ready to gather the Fruit-a.

Let *Papists* be Hang'd, And *Presbyters* *Damn'd*,
And may gogg'l'd-Ey'd Traytors perish:
But let True Hearts sing, Long Live *Charles* our King,
The Church, and the State to Cherish.

FINIS.

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